



# Exciting... Amazing News from Alton Laboratories to All Sufferers of

# PIMENIS

Acne, Blackheads, and Other Externally caused Skin Blemishes

# NO OTHER MEDICATED SKIN FORMULA\* CAN MAKE THIS STATEMENT:

Only Alton Medicated Skin Formula #38 Will Cover The Entire Face . . . or Large Areas of Skin . . . Uniformly —Blending With Your Own Complexion To Hide All Skin Blemishes . . . While It Works!

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Now, while the memory of prying eyes deepens your misery, resolve to do something about your skin worries. Send for the Alton Skin Combination today! There's no risk — you must be thrilled and delighted, or DOUBLE YOUR MONEY BACK!

Physicians & Hospitals desiring to make clinical tests will receive our complete cooperation.

Please write at once.





\*To the best of our present knowledge.

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Rush, in plain wrapper, Alton Skin Combination consisting of Medicated Skin Formula #38, and Special Skin Cleanser. I will pay postmon just \$2 plus postage. If not delighted, may return unused portion within 10 days for refund of DOUBLE MY PURCHASE PRICE.

Address Zone State

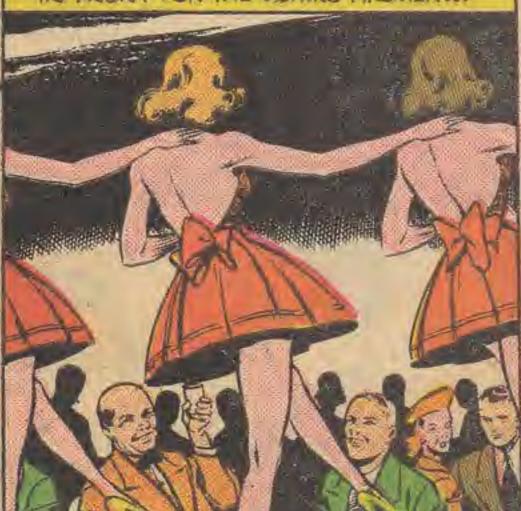
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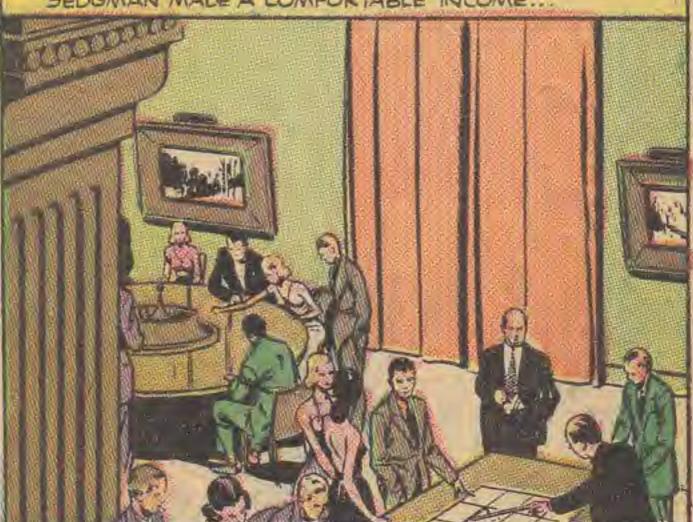
### DEDICATED TO THE ERADICATION OF CRIME



TOPS SEDGMAN'S CASA CUBANA HAD A DOUBLE PERSONALITY! IT HAD A FLOORSHOW IN FRONT FOR THE VISITING FIREMEN...



...AND A GAMBLING HALL IN THE REAR FOR THE SUCKERS; OUT-OF-TOWN OR IN-TOWN! BETWEEN THE TWO BUSINESSES, TOPS SEDGMAN MADE A COMFORTABLE INCOME...



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LET HER GO, GEORGE!

THE KID'S GOTA JOB







OKAY,

SEDGMAN!

































YOU TAKE ONLY









LET HIM! MATTER OF FACT, I'M CONTACTING A BUNCH OF GUYS WHO FEEL AS I DO-THAT IT'S HIGH TIME MADSON CASHED IN HIS CHIPS! AS FOR YOU, BABY, I'M GETTING I YOU A BODY - SPEAKING GUARD! OF BODYGUARDS, WHAT'S WRONG WITH YOUR-























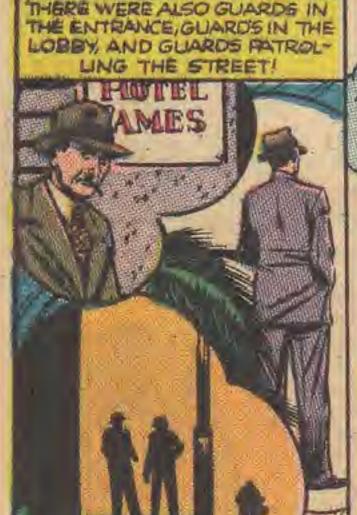












BUT WAXEY YULE WAS CUNNING! HE HAD HIS MOB LOWER HIM FROM THE HOTEL ROOF IN A SIGNPAINTER'S CHAIR!









THE POLICE WERE THERE, AND THE BODY OF TOPS SEDGMAN WAS LOADED IN THE SAME BLACK LIMOUSINE WITH THE CORPSE OF WAXEY YULE ... YOU KNOW, SOME-YOU'RE TOO SMART THIN', COPPER? THE TOO LATE, CHUM ... FIGHT DIDN'T MAKE NOBODY WINS WHEN SENSE! SO THEY THEY SETTLE PROB-FOUGHT AN' KILLED LEMS WITH A GUN ... EACH OTHER! . ALL ANYBODY GETS MHO WONS FROM CRIME IS A LONG NOBODY! STRETCH OR A WICKER BASKET! THE END

IN CONSIDERATION OF INNOCENT PERSONS INVOLVED AND RELATIVES OF OTHERS, THE NAMES OF CHARACTERS DEPICTED IN THIS MAGAZINE ARE HICTITIOUS, ANY SIMILABILITY TO NAMES OF PEOPLE LIVING ON DEAD IS ENTIRELY COINCIDENTAL. THIS IN NO WAY AFFECTS THE ACCURACY OF THESE STORIES WHICH ARE BASED ON FACT.



Jole W. Van Buren St. Chicago L. Ili.

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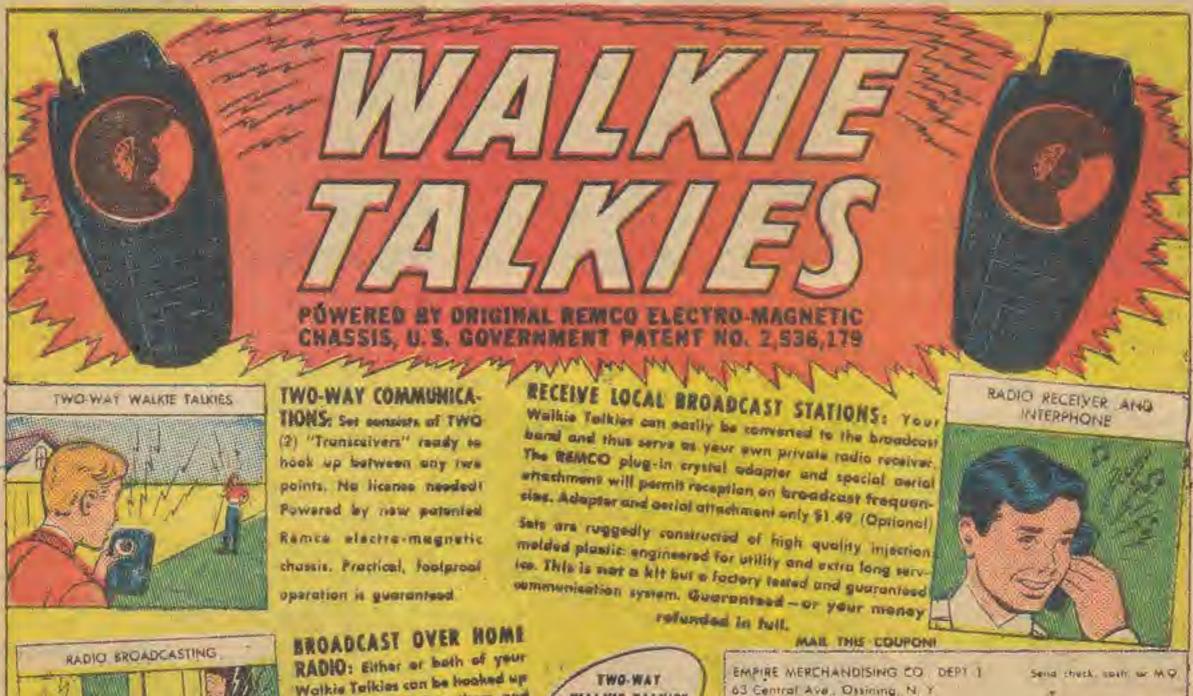
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# DEDICATED TO THE ERADICATION OF CRIME

# HERRY DARFIS PUBLIC ENEMY NO. 1 (1931-1936)

COMMITTED BY HIM IN THE FIVE BLOODY YEARS OF HIS CAREER ARE HEREIN FOR THE FIRST TIME MADE PUBLIC AS ONLY CRIME AND PUNISHMENT CAN TELL THEM!





















































SOON AFTER, AN IMPORTANT EVENT TOOK PLACE AT THE BARKER'S NEW HIDEOUT ...





WHAT SAY WE GET







YEAH, DOLORES AN' SALLY, .



ON JANUARY 20TH, 1935, IN AN ATLANTIC CITY HOTEL ...









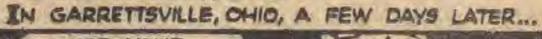




































HENRY DARPIS, EX-PUBLIC ENEMY NUMBER ONE, WAS SPEEDILY CONVICTED AND SENTENCED TO ALCATRAZ PENITENTIARY FOR LIFE, WHICH, IN MANY OPINIONS, IS WORSE THAN DEATH!

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the prison was one of the largest in the country. Behind the high grey walls, were five large buildings which held about 2,000 convicts — men convicted of all sorts of crimes — embezzlement, larceny, murder. But a term in this prison was not a time of idleness. Each man had a job to do and he was expected to work hard at it.

One of the busiest spots in the prison was the warehouse. Fifty men worked on the supplies. The shelves were lined with big bags of flour, sugar, potatoes, and fresh vegetables, which would later be sent to the huge kitchen. A group of men were loading the bottom shelf with heavy potato sacks.

"Listen, Jack," one prisoner, Tom Brady, said to another. "I've got to get outa here. I'm gonna plan a break. Are you with me or not? Cause I'll do it alone if you're chicken."

"It's not that," Jack replied slowly, "but I don't know how we're gonna pull it."

A guard appeared from nowhere and shouted suddenly, "Okay, you guys, get back to work and stop talking so much."

Tom managed to whisper to Jack, "I'll talk to you tonight, back in our cell."

That evening the usual procedure took place. The keeper in the tower threw some levers and all the cell doors were locked. Then keepers made the rounds and locked a second lock on each door. After that, a count was taken of all the men in their cells.

Satisfied that they wouldn't be bothered again that night, Tom and Jack continued their talk of that afternoon.

"I can't stand it any more, Jack," Tom confided. "I couldn't take twenty years in this joint. How about you?"

"My term is as long as yours," Jack an-

swered, "but I'd rather stay here than get shot down trying to escape."

"Listen, we're not gonna get shot down," Tom admonished. "We're gonna plan it all out, careful-like, and not make a move before we've got all the angles figured."

"What about Slim? How about including him?" Jack asked.

"Yeah, yeah," Tom agreed. "He's a good guy and he can keep his mouth shut. But first we hafta figure out an escape."

While Tom thought of a plan, Jack listened to the radio with headphones. Tom was restless and paced the small cell back and forth.

"Will you take that headphone off?" Tom muttered suddenly. "I got a couple of ideas and I want to talk them out."

When Tom had Jack's full attention, he started thinking out loud.

"The best way would be to get a knife or some sharp object and try to force a guard to help us escape. But, nah, that wouldn't be good. The warden's no dope. He has one of them new portable detecting machines that can spot metal hidden in a mattress. We wouldn't even be able to hide the knife in our cell."

"Yeah, that's right," Jack agreed. "Just last week he'used that machine in the cells at the other end. He may come in our cell soon."

"Well, I'll think of something else," Tom replied. "Gimme a couple of days. Anyway, we'll speak to Slim tomorrow."

The next day Tom approached Slim in the warehouse and told him be and Jack were gonna break out. Slim's eyes narrowed when he heard that, and he showed a glimmer of surprise, but aside from that he didn't betray any emotion or say anything.

"Well?" Tom asked impatiently. "Do you want to be in on it?"

"Thanks, no," Slim said quietly. "My term is only ten years. I guess I'll stick it out rather than chance having a bullet in my back."

For the next couple of days Tom looked preoccupied and worried. He was thinking of possible means of escape, but there was a hitch in everything he thought of. He thought a buddy of his on the outside could bring him something he could use in planning an escape, but then he remembered how they worked the visiting room. You had to report to the guard there and open your mouth and show your hands so he'd see if you got anything from a visitor. And then on your way back to your cell another guard would shake you down to see if you had any concealed weapon on you. So that was out.

Then Tom thought of the perfect solution. It all hinged on the deliveries made to the warehouse where he worked. All the vegetables used at the prison were grown on the prison farm. And the fellows who worked on the farm had more freedom than anyone else at prison. Tom thought if Jack could get on the farm they could work something out together.

For the next couple of months Jack was always on his best behavior. He was cooperative in every way, and he finally got the reward he and Tom were waiting for — he was made chauffeur of the truck that delivered the food-stuffs from the farm to the prison warehouse.

With assurance Tom went ahead with his plans. He had the time set for five weeks from the time Jack started delivering food-stuffs to the warehouse. That would give him enough time to work out all the angles and get the timing down pat.

Five weeks later Tom was nervous and jittery. He kept asking Jack, every time he saw him, if he knew what he was supposed to do. And Jack, although nervous himself, tried to keep his buddy calm so the guards wouldn't suspect that anything was brewing.

That afternoon in the warehouse. Tom sneaked behind a large crate when the guards were occupied watching the other men unload the truck, and wiggled himself into a huge empty potato sack. From inside the sack he heard Jack say to one of the guards, "I guess I'll take back this load of rotten potatoes and this crate of bad apples. We can make some use of them on the farm."

The guards didn't think anything wrong in that because food spoilage had happened before. They merely glanced casually at Jack as he loaded the delivery truck with several bags of rotten food.

When the truck was all set, Jack jumped into the driver's seat and started driving back to the farm, with Tom inside. They got past the outside prison gate and were on the farm grounds when they heard the wail of sirens from inside the prison walls.

"How did they find out so fast?" Jack asked Tom, who had gotten out of the bag and was now crouched in the back of the truck.

"They took a count of the prisoners again, like they always do," Tom answered quickly. "I knew they would, but I didn't expect them to do it so soon. Now we've got to work fast."

Tom started shouting directions at Jack, and the pair worked quickly for the next ten minutes. Jack drove the car straight ahead, headed for farm limits rather than back to the farm house. They got out of the truck and started running through the tall grass that partly hid them.

In the meantime two prison cars had reached the outside gates and saw the delivery truck in the distance. The guards drove up to the truck and abandoned their cars, hoping to track down the two convicts by their superior number.

Tom was whispering frantically to Jack, "Like I told you, there's a swamp about a quarter of a mile in this direction. If we get there we're safe cause there're a million spots we can hide out until dark, and then we can start running toward the highway and try to hitch it out of this place."

The two desperate men started running in the direction of the swamp. They had to stop every couple of minutes to get their breath and once when they stopped for air, Jack looked around him nervously.

"What was that noise, Tom?" he said panicstricken.

"What noise?" Tom answered, "I didn't hear anything. Now don't start imagining things. We'll be out of this mess soon, so keep going."

Jack wasn't convinced but they ran on and on not stopping to talk again. Suddenly they both heard a noise and turned around.

Behind them they saw five guards, each pointing an impressive tommy gun at them.

"They followed us, they followed us," Jack screamed hysterically.

"Run to the left," Tom shouted.

They started in that direction and saw five more guards staring them in the face, with machine guns in their hands.

In every direction the convicts turned, they found more guards waiting for them.

"They're not gonna take me," Tom shouted defiantly, and he ran straight ahead, into the gun fire of the guards facing him. He dropped on the ground, bleeding, and faintly heard lack screaming, "Take me back, I don't wanna be shot, take me back."

Ten minutes later two convicts were returned to prison, one to go to solitary, the

other, to the morgue.

"There's only one of two ways out of here," one guard commented to his fellow guard. "Either by the front entrance — after serving the full term, or by the rear entrance — on the way to the cemetery. Some of these guys will never learn that the law operates up here, too."

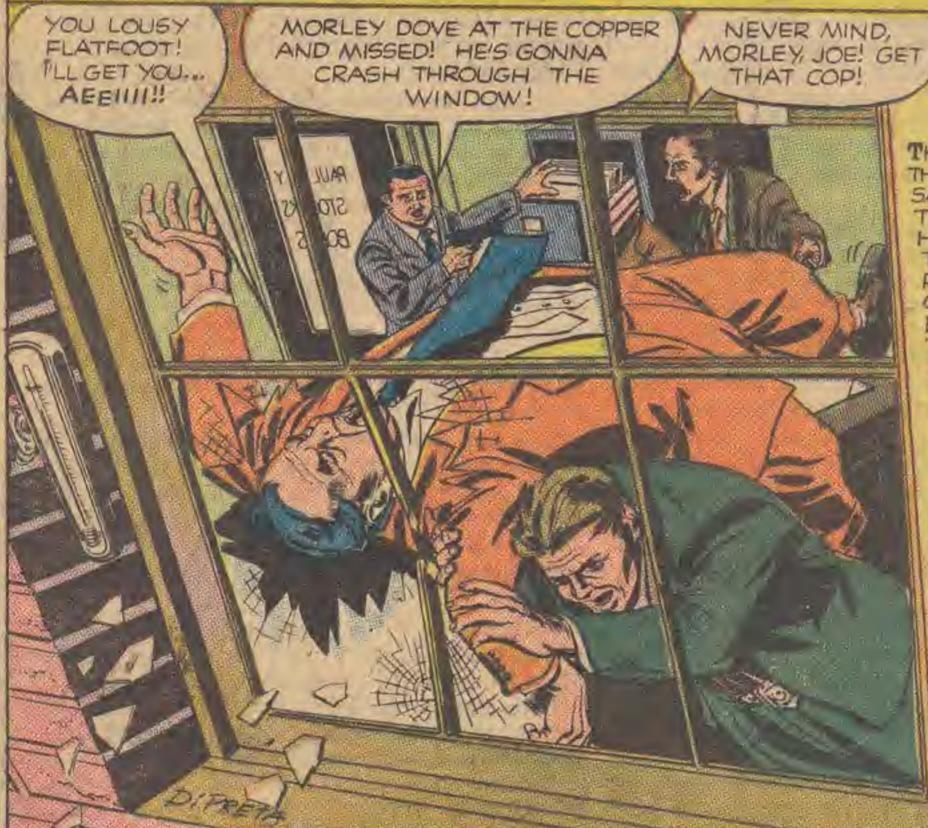
THE END

# DEDICATED TO THE ERADICATION OF CRIME



JERRY WORTON DIDN'T MEAN ANY HARM-HE WAS JUST LOOKING FOR A JOB BUT SOON FOUND HIMSELF

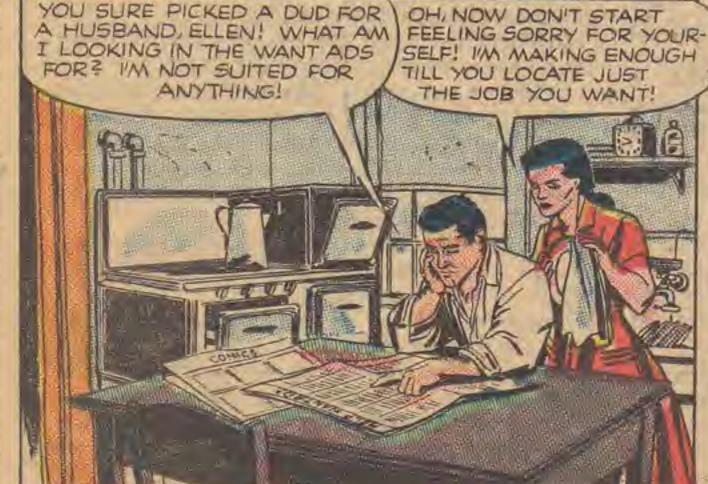
# CAUGHT IN A WEB

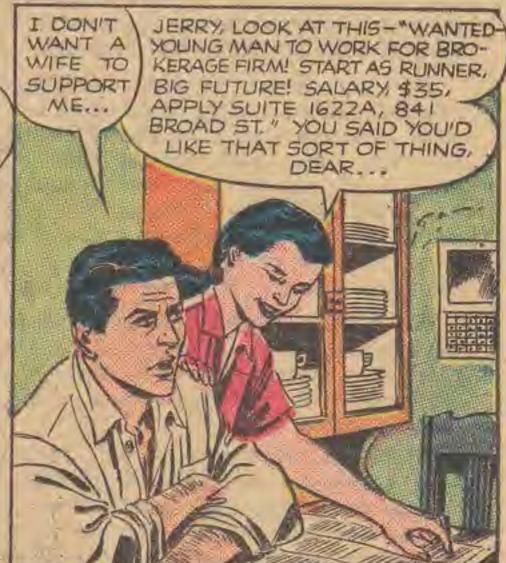


THE POLICE ARE THOROUGH AND NEVER SATISFIED UNTIL THEY'RE SURE THEY HAVE THE RIGHT MAN! THEY HAD A SUS-PECT IN A MURDER CASE WITH NO ALIBI BUT POLICE DETEC-TIVE TOM PRYOR THOUGHT EVERY-THING WAS TOO PAT, AND HE WASN'T. GOING TO RISK SENDING AN INNO-CENT MAN TO THE CHAIR, HE HAD TO BE SURE THERE WAS NO MISTAKE-AND THAT FACT SENT HIM INTO A DEATH STRUGGLE WITH A VICIOUS MOB

OF KILLERS!

A LOT OF JOBS SINGE HE MUSTERED OUT OF THE ARMY IN 1946, BUT NONE OF THEM HAD LASTED...







THAT WAS ON A SUNDAY AFTERNOON! EARLY THE NEXT MORNING JERRY NORTON ARRIVED AT 841 BROAD STREET! HE WAS FIRST ON LINE FOR THE JOB...





# ...YOU'RE TO WAIT RIGHT THERE TILL THIS MR. BENTLY HANDS YOU A LEATHER POUCH! THEN GO RIGHT DOWN INTO THE SUBWAY AND BRING THE POUCH TO ME WITHOUT DELAY! MORLEY, YOU UNDERSTAND?





HELLO, RICKY! THIS IS
PAUL MORLEY...YEAH, IT'S
ALL SET! I GOT THE FIRST
SUCKER ON LINE FOR THE
JOB! HE'LL BE WEARING A
BLUE UNIFORM! YOU'RE
TO GIVE THE NAME
BENTLY'!



MORLEY! THE BANK MESSENGER
LEAVES THE INDUSTRIAL TRUST.
ABOUT A QUARTER TO TEN! JOE
DYKES AND ME FOLLOW THE
GUY FOR A BLOCK, THEN GRAB
THE POUCH HE'S CARRYING...



THAT'S RIGHT! NO SLIP-UPS,
RICKEY! I'VE SPENT A LOT OF
TIME CASING THIS JOB! IT'S
WORTH A HUNDRED AND FIFTY
G'S TO US...BUT YOU KNOW ALL
THAT! REMEMBER, OUR BOY'S
NAME IS JERRY NORTON...



BO A DEADLY WEB WAS BEGINNING TO MEAVE ITSELF AROUND YOUNG JERRY NORTON, WHO WANTED NO-THING MORE THAN A CHANCE TO MAKE GOOD! GANGSTERS BICKY AND JOE DYKES WERE ON HAND AS BANK MESSENGER NED VORONI EMERGED PROM THE INDUST-RIAL TRUST, AND THEY FOLLOWED HIM ONE BLOCK ...









































THUS JERRY NORTON HAD BECOME TRAPPED IN A WEB OF CIRCUMSTAN-CES-UNABLE TO PROVE HIS INNO-CENCE! DETECTIVES TOM PRYOR AND RALPH WADLEY GRILLED HIM FOR FOUR HOURS WITHOUT LETUP...

A MANS ... AND DON'T GIVE US BEEN MURDERED. THAT BUSINESS AGAIN NORTON! THIS JABOUT MORLEY! COME 15 REAL CLEAN, AND MAYBE WE SERIOUS AND CAN GET YOU A BREAK! YOU'RE IN IT WHO WERE YOUR ACCOMP-UP TO YOUR LICES? WHO'S THE GUY NECK! THAT SLIPPED YOU THE POUCHFUL OF THOSE



I TELL YOU-MR. NORTON'S WIFE MORLEY IS LYING! IS HERE, PRYOR! I THOUGHT I WAS WORKING SEND HER FOR AN HONEST IN, CLANCY! MAN! I DIDN'T WE'LL GIVE KNOW WHAT THEM SOME WAS IN THAT TIME ALONE! POUCH! YOU'VE COME ON! GOT TO WADLEY! BELIEVE ME! **KEELINE** LULIARIA







THE OFFICE WAS CLOSED WHEN DETECTIVE TOM PRYOR GOT THERE! THE BUILDING SUPERINTENDENT LET HIM IN WITH A PASS KEY! HE SEARCHED FOR ALMOST AN HOUR BEFORE FINDING THE MISSING POUCH TAPED TO THE BOTTOM OF A CHAIR. ... BUT THEN...

SAY-WHAT THE DEVIL ARE YOU DOING IN MY OFFICE? LOOKING FOR A MURDER MOTIVE, MORLEY! I ASSUME THAT'S WHO YOU ARE! AND I FOUND IT! I'VE A SEARCH WARRANT IN CASE YOU THOUGHT OF ASKING...

IT BETTER BE 50 JERRY BULLETPROOF, NORTON PAL, BECAUSE WAS JUST A I'M GOING TO FALL GUY! PUT A SLUG 70U RIGHT THROUGH WURDERED YOU! TOO BAD THAT BANK YOU COPS COULDN'T MESSENGER, YOU WERE BE SATISFIED WITH THE PATSY WILLING TO WE GAVE \* LET NORTON YOU! DIE FOR THATE AND NOW YOU WANT TO ADD ME TO YOUR LIST OF KILLINGS ...

















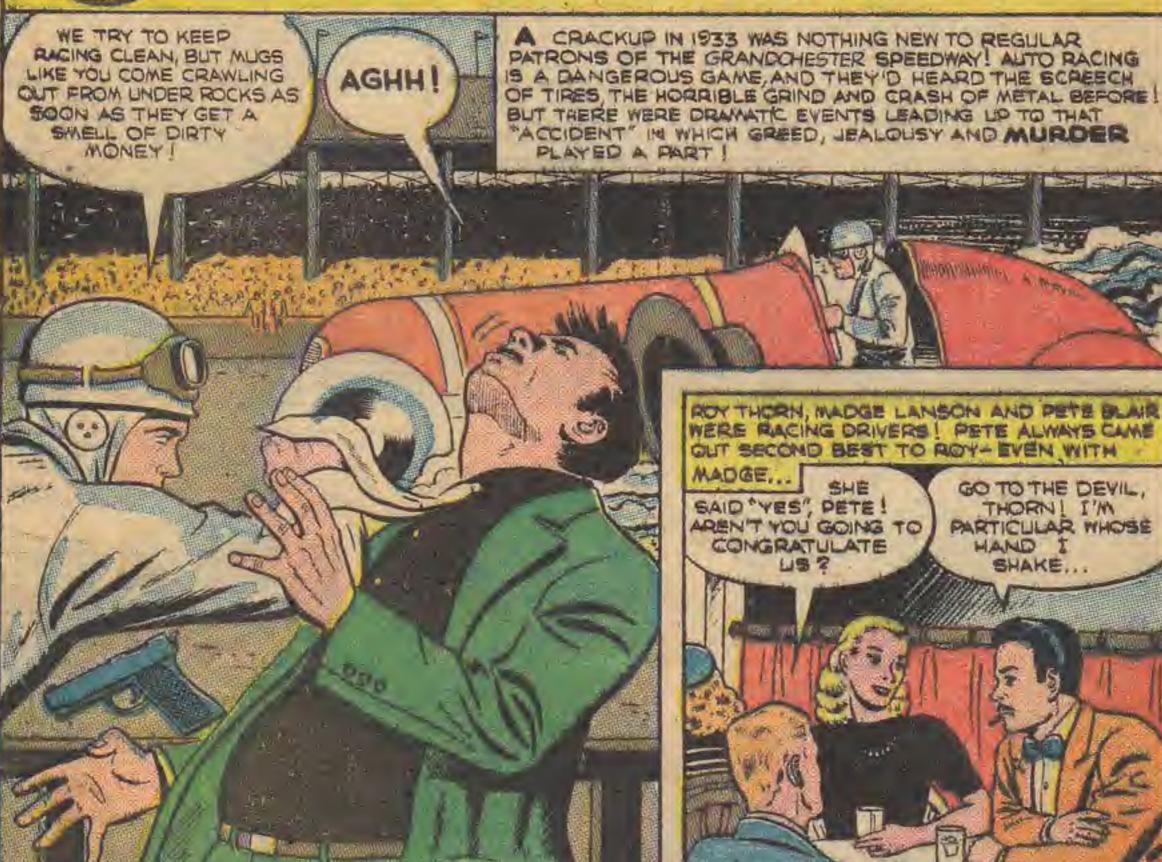
LATER, AFTER CULLEN AND

# DEDICATED TO THE ERADICATION OF CRIME



WHEN PETE BLAIR'S FRAME-UP TO FIX A RACE BACKFIRED, IT BROUGHT

# DEATH ON WHEELS









HOLD ON BLAIR FOR THAT
WOULDN'T YOU KIND OF
BE INTERESTED DOUGH IT
IN TWENTY WON'T HURT
THOUSAND ME TO
BUCKSQUICK AND COME ON
EASY?
ROOM!

TWENTY MINUTES LATER ... "THAT'S MORE BUT YOU WON'T WIN. DOUGH THAN I'D BLAIR, NOT UNLESS HE'S GET IF I WON OUT OF IT! ME AND THE THE RACE, DOUG-BOYS HAVE TWENTY-LAS- AND I HATE! FIVE GRAND ON YOU THORN'S GLITS, TO WIN! THE ODDS ARE 4 TO 1 AGAINST YOU! BUT. WE'D COLLECT PLENTY



SO PETE BLAIR, SMOULDERING WITH JEALOUSY AND HATE FOR ROY THORN, ACCOMPANIED THE GAMBLERS TO WATLEIGH'S GARAGE, WHERE ROY'S RACER AWAITED A LAST-MINUTE CHECK UP FOR THE FOLLOWING AFTERNOON'S BIG RACE.













WAIT, I'M NOT SELLING SEE, BLAIR, WE DOUGLAS! ROY THORN OUT, GOT NO OTHER YOU RATTY... WAY! GO AHEAD HENDERS AGHRARI PHIL, SHOOT!



LOOK, DOUGLAS, BLAIR! YOU'RE ALREADY
I DIDN'T IN UP TO YOUR NECK! AIN'T
ASK TO GET IT MURDER WHEN YOU FIX
MIXED A GLY'S CAR SO HE'LL
UP IN A CRACK UP? PAL YOU
MURDER! FINISH THAT JOB, OR MAYCOUNT ME BE IT'LL BE TWO
OUT! MURDERS!

PETE BLAIR DID AS HE WAS TOLD, AND HIS ACCOMPLICES DID A THOROUGH JOB OF DISPOSING OF FREDDIE HENDERS' BODY! NEXT AFTERNOON, AS THE RACERS WERE STARTING TO WARM UP FOR THE BIG EVENT...



A COUPLE OF PLUGS ARE OKAY, OFF TIMING, THORN! IT'LL DAN., TAKE ME A FEW MINUTES GO TO TO ADJUST THEM!



MADGE LANSON HAD COMPLETED ONE WARM UP TURN OF THE COURSE IN HER RACER WHEN A TIRE BLEW...









THE \$ 15,000 PURSE WOULD MEAN A LOT TO A YOUNG COUPLE STARTING OUT! MADGE TOOK OVER ROY THORN'S POWER-FUL RACER ..













PETE TALKED, AND THEY LISTENED AND ROY TRIED NOT TO HATE PETE!

THEIRS ... UHHH. YOU'LL FIND DOUGLAS





THEY CAME RIGHT BACK FROM THE HOSPITAL! THE RACE HAD JUST ENDED! IF ROY HADN'T RECOGNIZED THE GAMBLERS BY PETE'S DESCRIPTION, THEY GAVE THEMSELVES AWAY BY THEIR ACTIONS WHEN HE APPROACHED THEM!







THE THREE GAMBLERS NEVER DID FIX ANOTHER RACE! THEY ALL DIED IN THE ELECTRIC CHAIR FOR THE MUR-DER OF MECHANIC FREDDIE HENDERS!

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# I Will Show You How to LEARN RADIO-TELEVISION SERVICING OR COMMUNICATIONS by Practicing in Spare Time



ing shop. Now Chief Engineer of three Police Radio Sta-tions,"—S. W. DIN-WIDDIE, Jackson-WIDDIE



"I accepted a posi-tion as Radio and Television Techni-cian was promoted to manager of Television Service

Bruno. California.

"Four years ago, a g bookkeeper on a hand-to-mouth salary, am now a Radio Engineer ABC network," — N. H. WARD, Ridgefield. Park, New Jersey.





shop. Am authorized serviceman for five manufacturers and do servicing for 7 dealers, "-P. MIL-

"When I enrolled, had no idea it would be so easy to learn. Have equipped my time earnings. am clearing about \$240 to \$60 a month."

J. D. KNIGHT, Denison, Tex.

"While learning, made \$5 to \$10 a week in spare time.

Now have a profit-





## I Will Train You at Home KITS OF PA

Do you want good pay, a job with a bright future and security? Would you like a profit-able shop of your own? The fast growing, prosperous RADIO-TELEVISION industry is making these opportunities for you. Radio alone is bigger than ever. 90 million home and auto Radios, 3100 Broadcasting Stations, expanding use of Aviation and Police Radio, Micro-Wave Relay, Two-Way Radio for buses, taxis, etc., are making opportunities for Servicing and Communications Technicians and FCC-Licensed Operators.

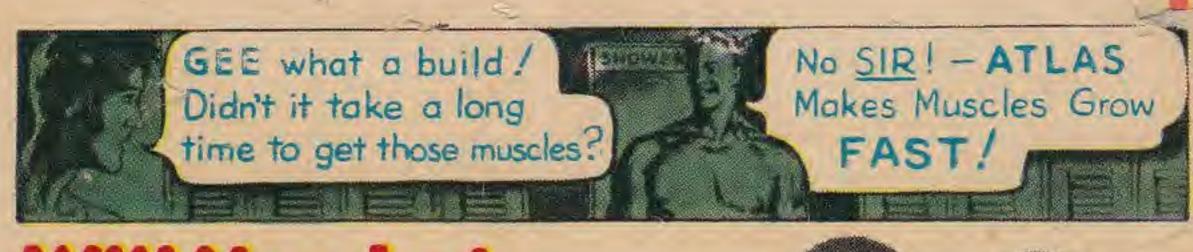
### Television is TODAY'S Good Job Maker

In 1946 only 6,000 TV sets sold. In 1950 over 5,000,000. By 1954, 25,000,000 TV sets will be in use, according to estimates. Over 100 TV Stations are operating in 35 states. Authorities predict there will be 1,000 TV Stations. This means new jobs, more jobs,

Many Soon Make 310 A Week Extra in Spare Time Keep your job while training at home, Hundreds I've trained are successful RADIO-TELEVISION TECHNICIANS, Learn Radio-Television principles from illustrated lessons. Get PRACTICAL EXPERIENCE experimenting with circuits common to Radio and Television. Many students make \$5, \$10 a week extra fixing neighbors' Radios in spare time. Special Booklets start teaching you the day you enroll.

Send Now for 2 Books FREE - Mail Coupon Send for my FREE DOUBLE OFFER. Get actual Servicing lesson. Also get my 64-page book, "How to Be a Success in Radio-Television." Read what my graduates are doing, earning. Send coupon in envelope or paste on postal. J. E. SMITH, President, Dept. 2AM National Radio Institute, Washington 9. D. C.

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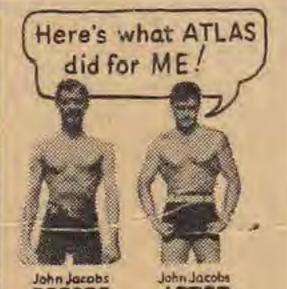




### LET ME START SHOWING RESULTS FOR YOU



My arms increased 115"; chest 214"; fore-arm 1," -C.S., W.Va.



BEFORE AFTER



"Have put 314" on chest (nor-mal) and 214" ex-panded." F.S. N.Y.



Am sending snapshot showing wonderful prog-



Day Can Do For You

DON'T care how old or young you are, or how ashamed of your present physical condition you may be. If you can simply raise your arm and flex it I can add SOLID MUSCLE to your biceps-yes, on each arm -in double-quick time! Only 15 minutes a day-right in your own home-is all the time I ask of you! And there's no cost if I fail.

I can broaden your shoulders, strengthen your back, develop your whole muscular system INSIDE and OUTSIDE! I can add inches to your chest, give you a vise-like grip, make those legs of yours lithe and powerful. I can shoot new strength into your old backbone, exercise those inner organs, help you cram your body so full of pep, vigor and red-blooded vitality that you won't feel there's even "standing room" left for weakness and that lazy feeling! Before I get through with you I'll have your whole frame "measured" to a nice, new beautiful suit of muscle!

### What's My Secret?

"Dynamic Tension!" That's the licket! The idenenouge my built from the acrawny, skinny-cliested acakitus I was at 17 to my present super-man

physique! Thousands of other fellows are becoming marvelous physical specimens -my way. I give you no gadgets or contraptions to fool with. When you have learned to develop your strength through "Dynamic Tension" you can laugh at artificial muscle makers. You simply utilize the DORMANT muscle-power in your own God-given body-watch it increase and multiply double-quick into real solid LIVE MUSCLE.

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And, man, so easy! Spend only 15 minutes a day in your own home. From the very start you'll be using my method of "Dynamic Tension" ulmost unconsciously every minute of the day-walking, bending over, etc.-to BUILD MUSCLE and VITALITY

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